



OUTLINE
—*—
ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
GOETHE'S FAUST
—*—
MORITZ RETZSCH.

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Scene at the Court of King Moses.

FRONTISPICE.



J. W. v. Goethe.

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ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
GOETHE'S FAUST

Twenty-Six Etchings by Moritz Retzsch

*WITH ILLUSTRATIVE SELECTIONS FROM THE TEXT OF
BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRANSLATION*

Boston

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ESTES AND LAURIAT

1877



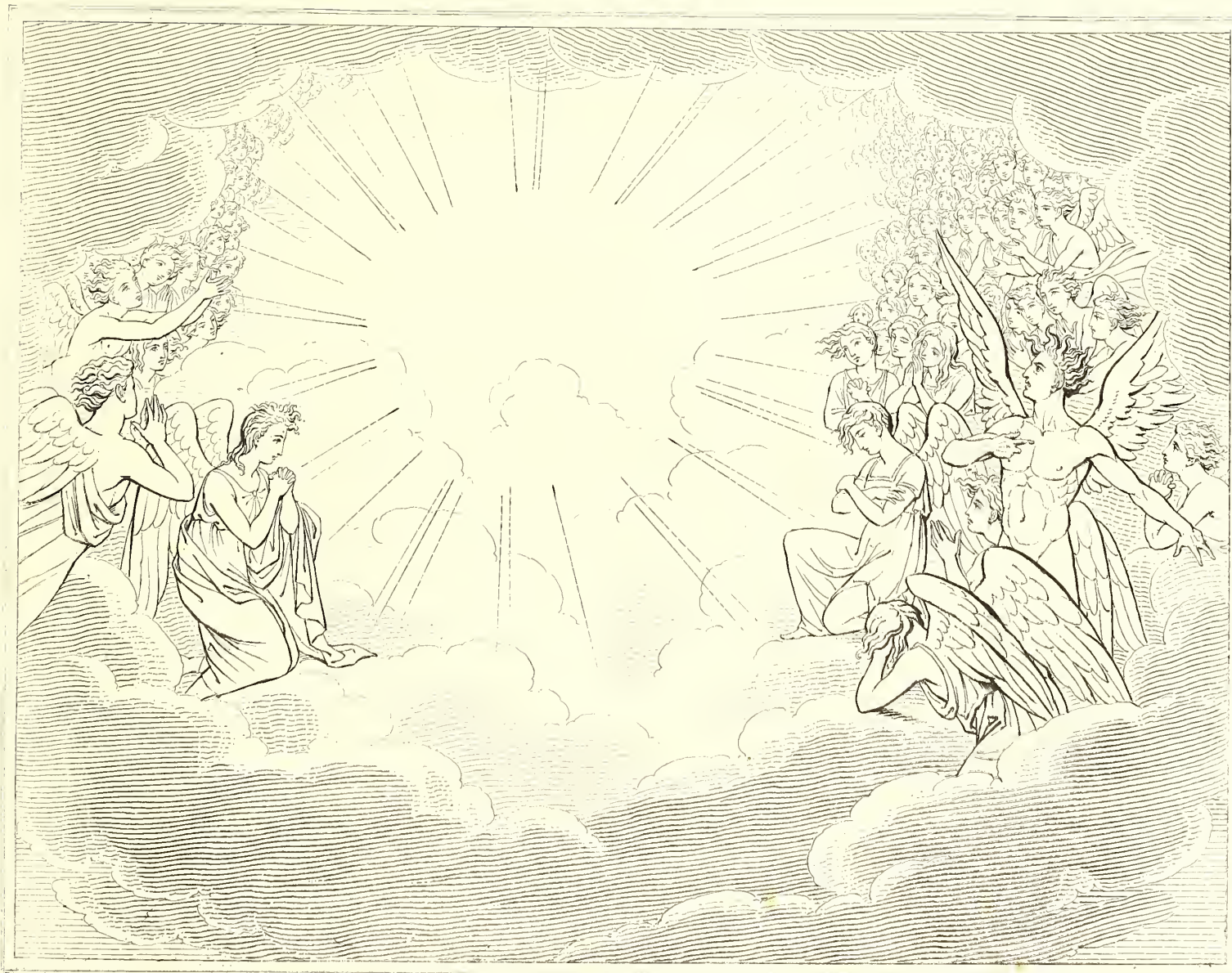
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INTRODUCTION.

THE story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, told many times, received at the hand of Goethe such masterly treatment that it at once took high rank as one of the most original productions of the German drama. The celebrated outlines of Retzsch have given the very essence of the leading occurrences in this tragedy. In them we trace the vivid thoughts that filled the mind of the great German poet, when in his inimitable production he portrayed the various sentiments and passions that animate the human breast. As we turn over the following pages, we cannot but be astonished at the facility with which the artist has grasped the outward expression of the passions, and transferred to his paper, with a delicacy and accuracy of touch, the inmost thoughts of the distinguished poet.

The translation has been compiled from the work of one of our own American poets, BAYARD TAYLOR, to whose kindness and that of his publishers, Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., we are indebted for our extracts. It does not pretend to contain a full translation of Goethe's work: such is not the object of this volume; but the abstracts faithfully portray the subject-matter of the sketches, and will serve as a companion and assistant to the lover of Faust, as he turns over the sketches in outline, drawn to illustrate the master-piece of Goethe.



FAUST AND WAGNER. — *Plate 2.*

FAUST.

Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through
corn and stubble ?

WAGNER.

Long since ; yet deemed him not important in
the least.

FAUST.

Inspect him close : for what tak'st thou the
beast ?

WAGNER.

Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,
And scents about, his track to find.

FAUST.

Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,
Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind ?
A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,
Follows his path of mystery.

WAGNER.

It may be that your eyes deceive you slightly :
Naught but a plain black poodle do I see.

FAUST.

It seems to me that with enchanted cunning
It snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

WAGNER.

I see him timidly, in doubt, around us running,
Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth
he find.

FAUST.

The circle narrows : he is near !

WAGNER.

A dog thou seest, and not a phantom, here !
Behold him stop ; — upon his belly crawl ; —
His tail set wagging : canine habits, all !

FAUST.

Come, follow us ! Come here, at least !

WAGNER.

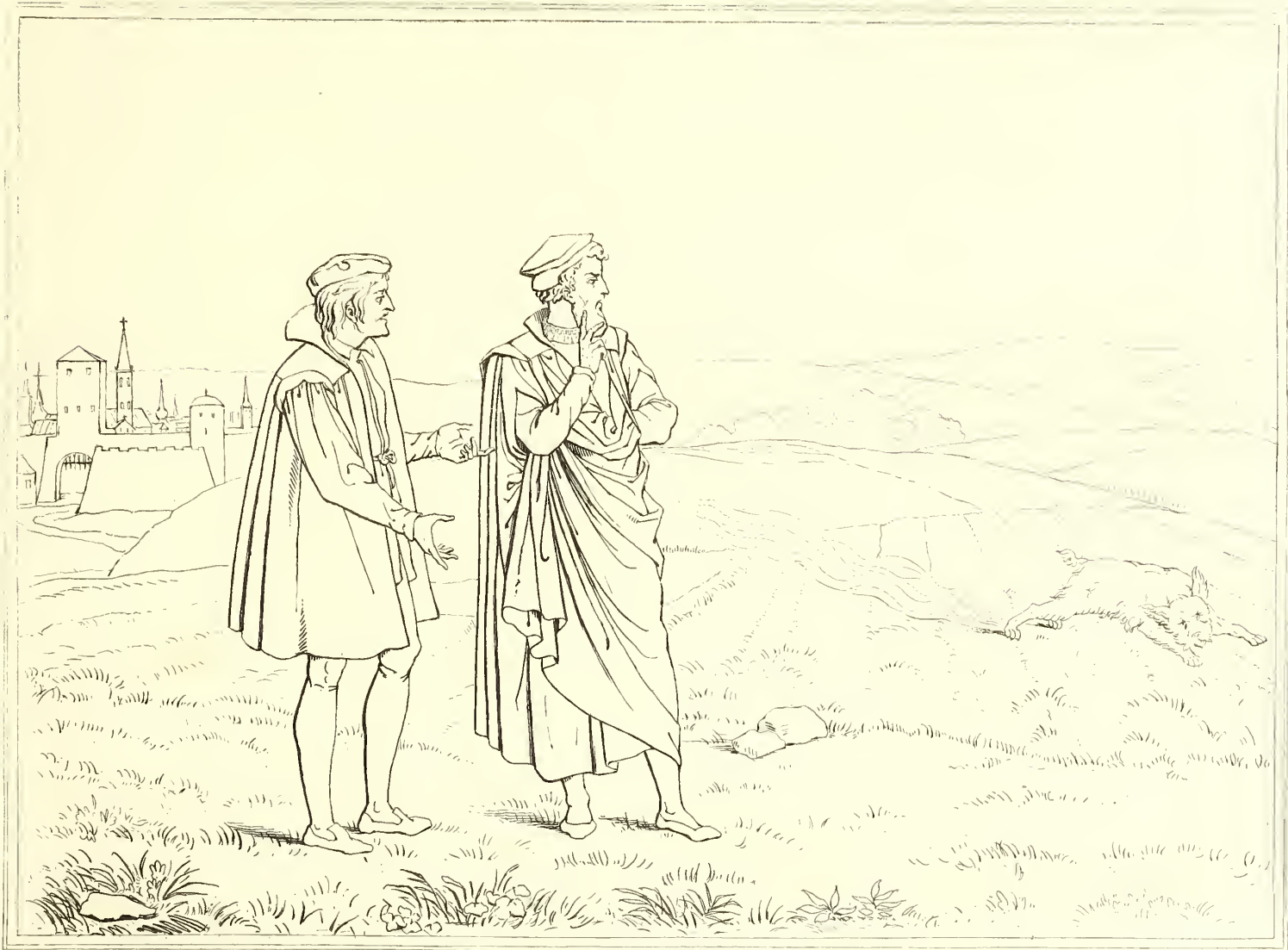
'Tis the absurdest, drollest beast.
Stand still, and you will see him wait ;
Address him, and he gambols straight ;
If something 's lost, he 'll quickly bring it, —
Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

FAUST.

No doubt you 're right : no trace of mind, I own,
Is in the beast : I see but drill alone.

WAGNER.

The dog, when he 's well educated,
Is by the wisest tolerated.
Yes, he deserves your favor thoroughly, —
The clever scholar of the students, he !



Engraved by Henry Moore.

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST IN HIS STUDY. — *Plate 3.*

— If I must share my chamber with thee,
Poodle, stop that howling, prithee!
Cease to bark and bellow!
Such a noisy disturbing fellow
I'll no longer suffer near me.
One of us, — dost hear me! —
Must leave, I fear me.
No longer guest-right I bestow:
The door is open, art free to go.
But what do I see in the creature?
Is that in the course of nature?

Is't actual fact? or Fancy's shows?
How long and broad my poodle grows!
He rises mightily:
A canine form that cannot be!
What a spectre I've harbored thus!
He resembles a hippopotamus,
With fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see:
O, now am I sure of thee!
For all of thy half-hellish brood
The Key of Solomon is good.

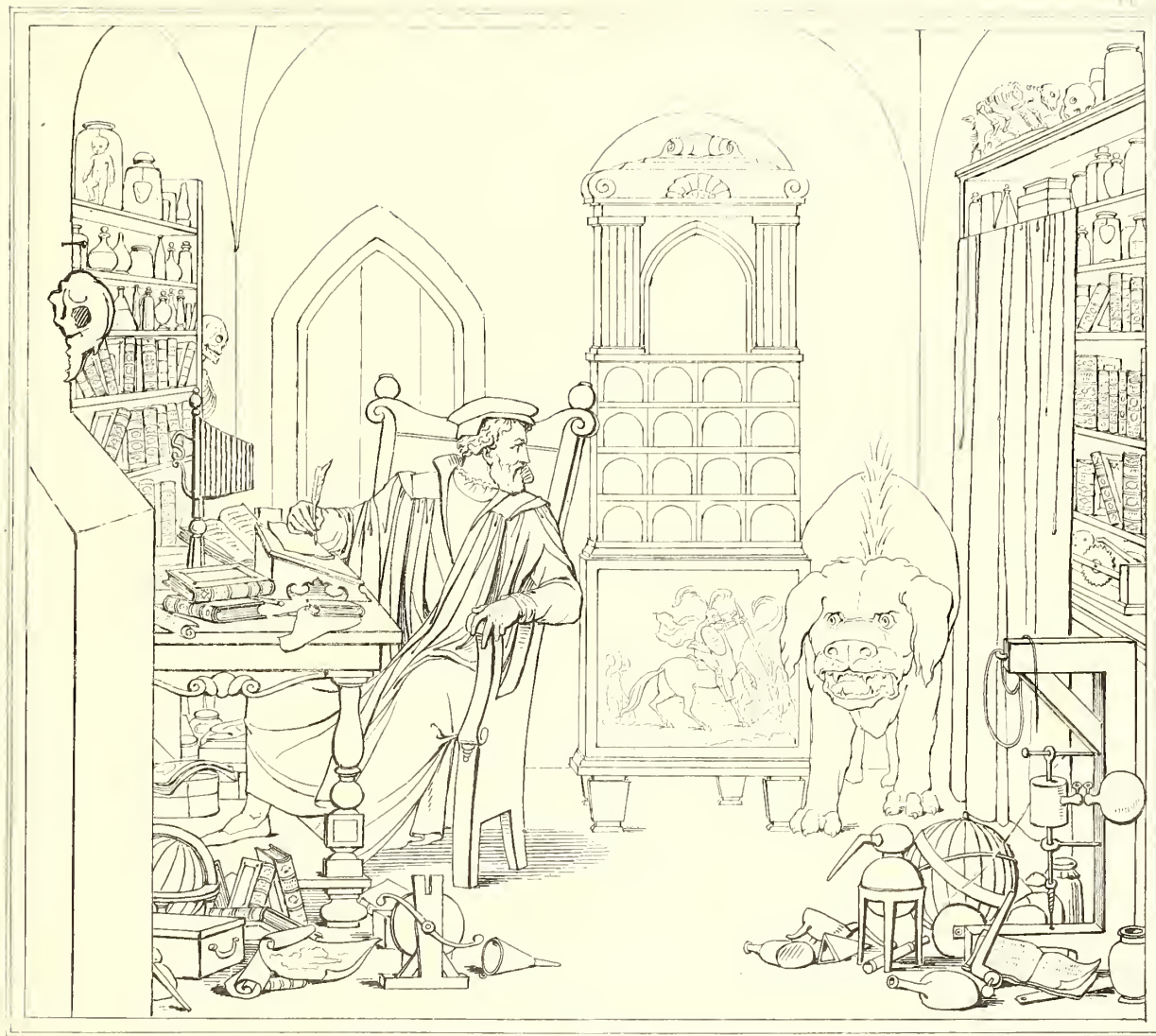


Figure 13. (13th Century)

PAINT IN THE STUDY.

FAUST MAKES OVER HIS SOUL TO MEPHISTOPHELES. — *Plate 4.*

FAUST.

What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say ?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay ?
The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated ?
I freely leave the choice to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why heat thyself, thus instantly,
With eloquence exaggerated ?
Each leaf for such a pact is good ;
And to subscribe thy name thou 'lt take a drop
of blood.

FAUST.

If thou therewith art fully satisfied,
So let us by the farce abide.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

FAUST.

Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever !
The promise that I make to thee
Is just the sum of my endeavor.

I have myself inflated all too high :
My proper place is thy estate.
The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,
And Nature shuts on me her gate.
The thread of Thought at last is broken,
And knowledge brings disgust unspoken.
Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervors of glowing passion ;
Let every marvel take form and fashion,
Through the impervious veil it wore !
Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of Circumstance !
Then may delight and distress,
And worry and success,
Alternately follow, as best they can :
Restless activity proves the man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no bound, no term, is set.
Whether you everywhere be trying,
Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,
May it agree with you, what you get !
Only fall to, and show no timid balking.



Engraved by Henry Moore.

FAST MAKES OVER HIS SOUL TO MEDICINE.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE TAVERN. — *Plate 5.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fain would drink with you, my glass to Freedom clinking,
If t'were a better wine that here I see you drinking.

SIEBEL.

Don't let us hear that speech again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Did I not fear the landlord might complain,
I'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,
To some from out our cellar's treasure.

SIEBEL.

Just treat, and let the landlord me arraign!

FROSCII.

And if the wine be good, our praises shall be ample.
But do not give too very small a sample;
For, if its quality I decide,
With a good mouthful I must be supplied.

ALTMAYER.

They're from the Rhine: I guessed as much,
before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet here.

BRANDER.

What shall therewith be done?
You've not the casks already at the door?

ALTMAYER.

Yonder, within the landlord's box of tools, there's one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now give me of your taste some intimation.

FROSCII.

How do you mean? Have you so many kinds?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The choice is free: make up your minds.

ALTMAYER.

Aha! you lick your chops, from sheer anticipation.

FROSCII.

Good! if I have the choice, so let the wine be Rheuish!
Our fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with singular gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stem bears,
Horns the he-goat wears;
The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,—
The wooden table gives wine as good!
Into the depths of Nature peer,—
Only believe, there's a miracle here!
Now draw the stoppers and drink your fill!

ALL.

O beautiful fountain that flows at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But have a care that you nothing spill.

ALL.

As t'were five hundred hogs we feel,
So cannabalie jolly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, now, the race is happy — it is free!

FAUST.

To leave them is my inclination.



FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE TAVERN.

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FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE WITCHES' CAVE. — *Plate 6.*

FAUST (*who has been standing before a mirror, now approaching and now retreating from it*).

What do I see ? What heavenly form revealed
Shows through the glass from Magic's fair do-
minions !

O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,
And bear me to her beauteous field !

Ah, if I leave this spot with fond designing,

If I attempt to venture near,

Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms
appear !

A woman's form, in beauty shining !

Can woman, then, so lovely be ?

And must I find her body, there reclining,
Of all the heavens the bright epitome ?
Can Earth with such a thing be mated ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, surely, if a God first plagues Himself six
days,

Then self contented, *Bravo!* says,

Must something clever be created.

This time thine eyes be satiate :

I'll yet detect thy sweetheart and ensnare her,

And blest is he, who has the lucky fate,

Some day, as bridegroom, home to bear her.



Engraved by J. G. Schmitt.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE WITCHES' CAVE.

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THE WITCH GIVES FAUST THE MAGIC POTION.— *Plate 7.*

THE WITCH.

Wherein, Sirs, can I be of use ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Give us a goblet of the well-known juice !
But, I must beg you, of the oldest beverage ;
The years a double strength produce.

THE WITCH.

With all my heart ! Now, here 's a bottle,
Wherefrom, sometimes, I wet my throttle,
Which, also, not the slightest, stinks ;
And willingly a glass I'll fill him.

[*Whispering.*]

Yet, if this man without due preparation drinks,
As well thou know'st, within an hour 'twill
kill him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend of mine, with whom it will agree,
And he deserves thy kitchen's best potation :
Come, draw thy circle, speak thine adjuration,
And fill thy goblet full and free !

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Now what shall come of this ? the creatures antic,
The crazy stuff, the gestures frantic, —

All the repulsive cheats I view, —
Are known to me, and hated, too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O nonsense ! That 's a thing for laughter ;
Don't be so terribly severe !
She juggles you as doctor now, that, after,
The beverage may work the proper cheer.

[*The WITCH with many ceremonies pours the drink into a cup. As*

FAUST sets it to his lips, a light flame arises.]

Down with it quickly ! Drain it off !
'Twill warm thy heart with new desire :
Art with the Devil hand and glove,
And wilt thou be afraid of fire ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

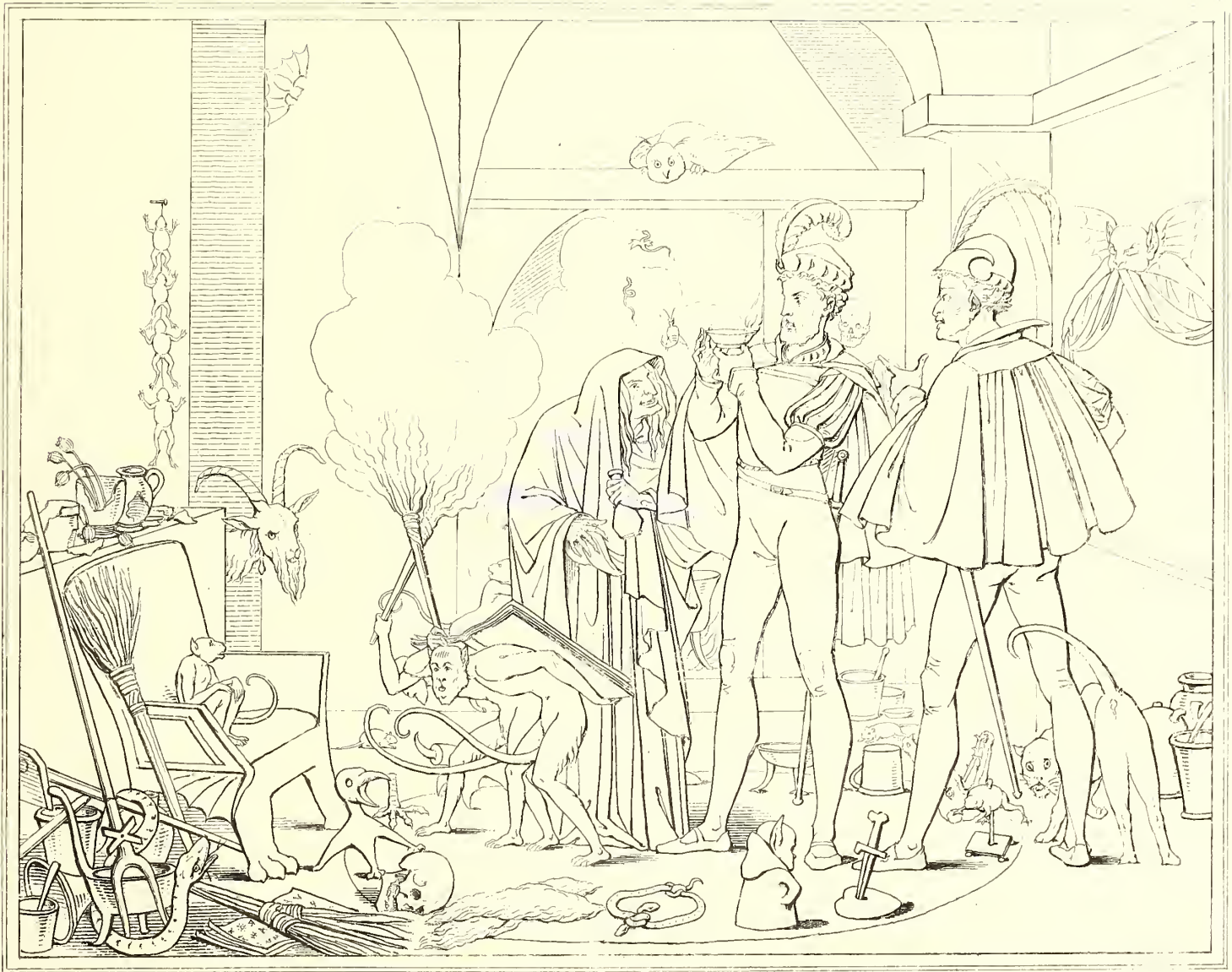
And now, away ! Thou dar'st not rest.

FAUST.

One rapid glance within the mirror give me :
How beautiful that woman form !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no ! The paragon of all, believe me,
Thou soon shalt see alive and warm.



Engraved by Henry Moses.

THE WITCH GIVES FAUST THE MAGIC POTION.

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FAUST SEES MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.— *Plate 8.*

THE STREET.

FAUST. (*Margaret passing by.*)

Fair lady, let me not offend you :
That arm and escort I would lend you !

MARGARET.

I 'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care.

FAUST.

By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair,
Of all I 've seen, beyond compare !

So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure !
The lips so red, the cheek's clear dawn,
I 'll not forget while the world rolls on !
How she cast down her timid eyes,
Deep in my heart imprinted lies ;
How short and sharp of speech was she, —
Why, 'twas a real ecstasy !



Engraved by Henry Moses

FAUST SEES MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

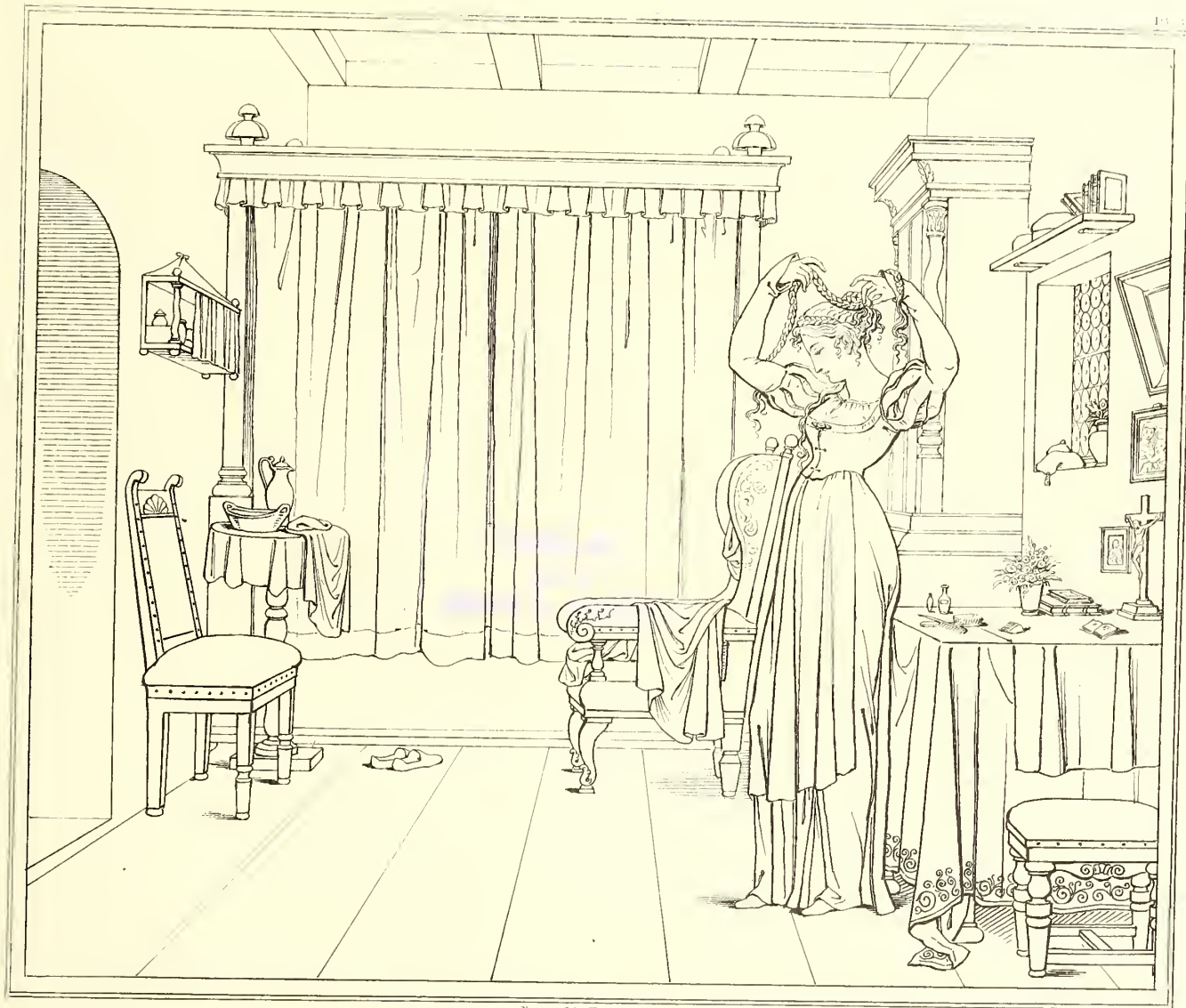
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MARGARET IN HER CHAMBER.— *Plate 9.*

EVENING.

MARGARET.

I'd something give, could I but say
Who was that gentleman, to-day.
Surely a gallant man was he,
And of a noble family ;
So much could I in his face behold, —
And he wouldn't, else, have been so bold.



Engraved by Henry Moses.

MARGARET IN HER CHAMBER.

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FAUST INTRODUCED INTO MARGARET'S CHAMBER BY MEPHISTOPHELES. — *Plate 10.*

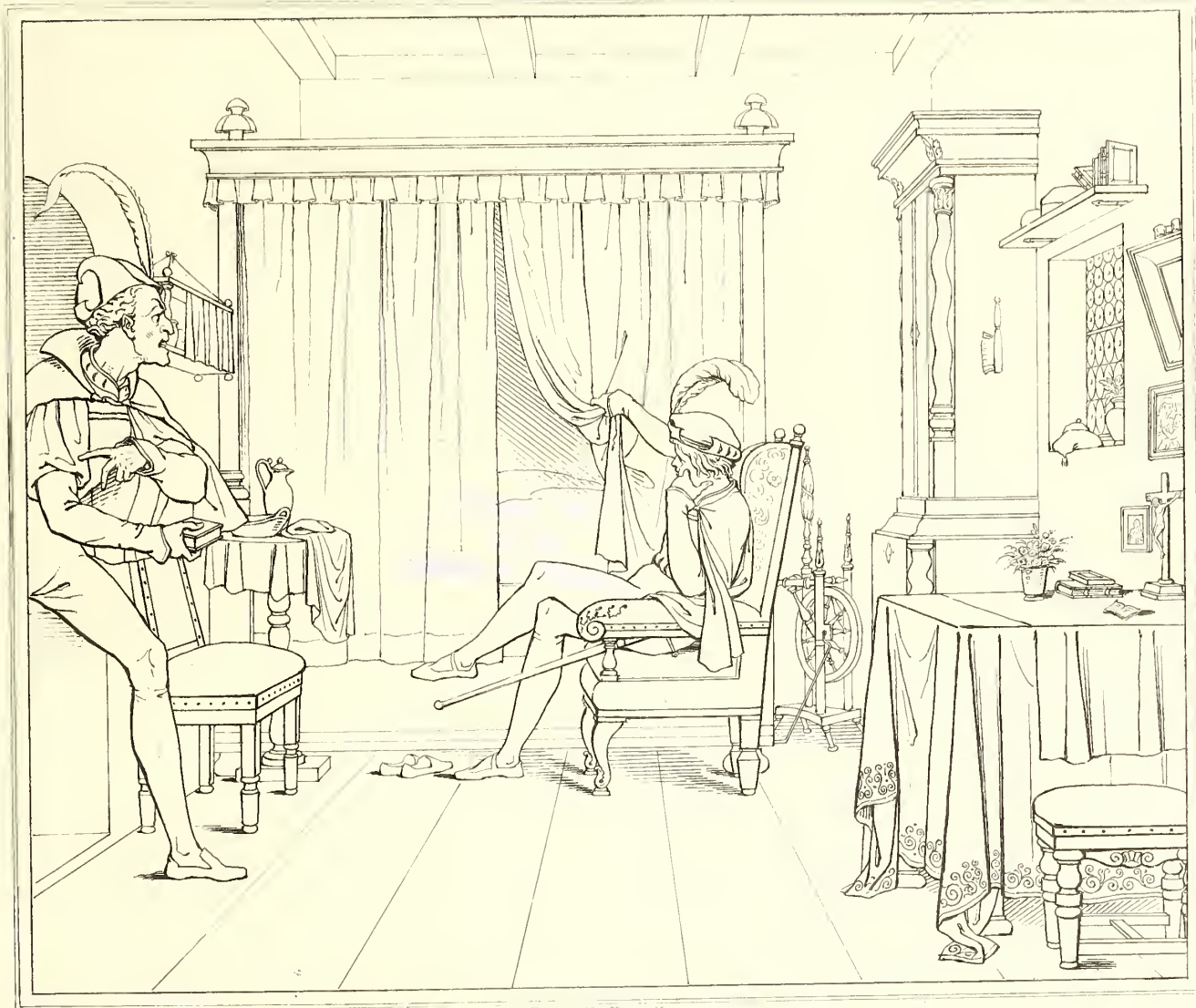
FAUST. (*He throws himself into an arm-chair near the bed.*)

Receive me! thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain wert wont to gather!
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the
father!
Perchance my love, amid the girlish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered
hand.

And here!

(*He lifts one of the bed-curtains.*)

What sweetest thrill is in my blood!
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying:
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.
And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved, this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart and sore?
Miserable Faust! I know thee now no more.



Engraved by Henry Moses.

FAUST INTRODUCED INTO MARGARET'S CHAMBER BY MEPHISTOPHELES.

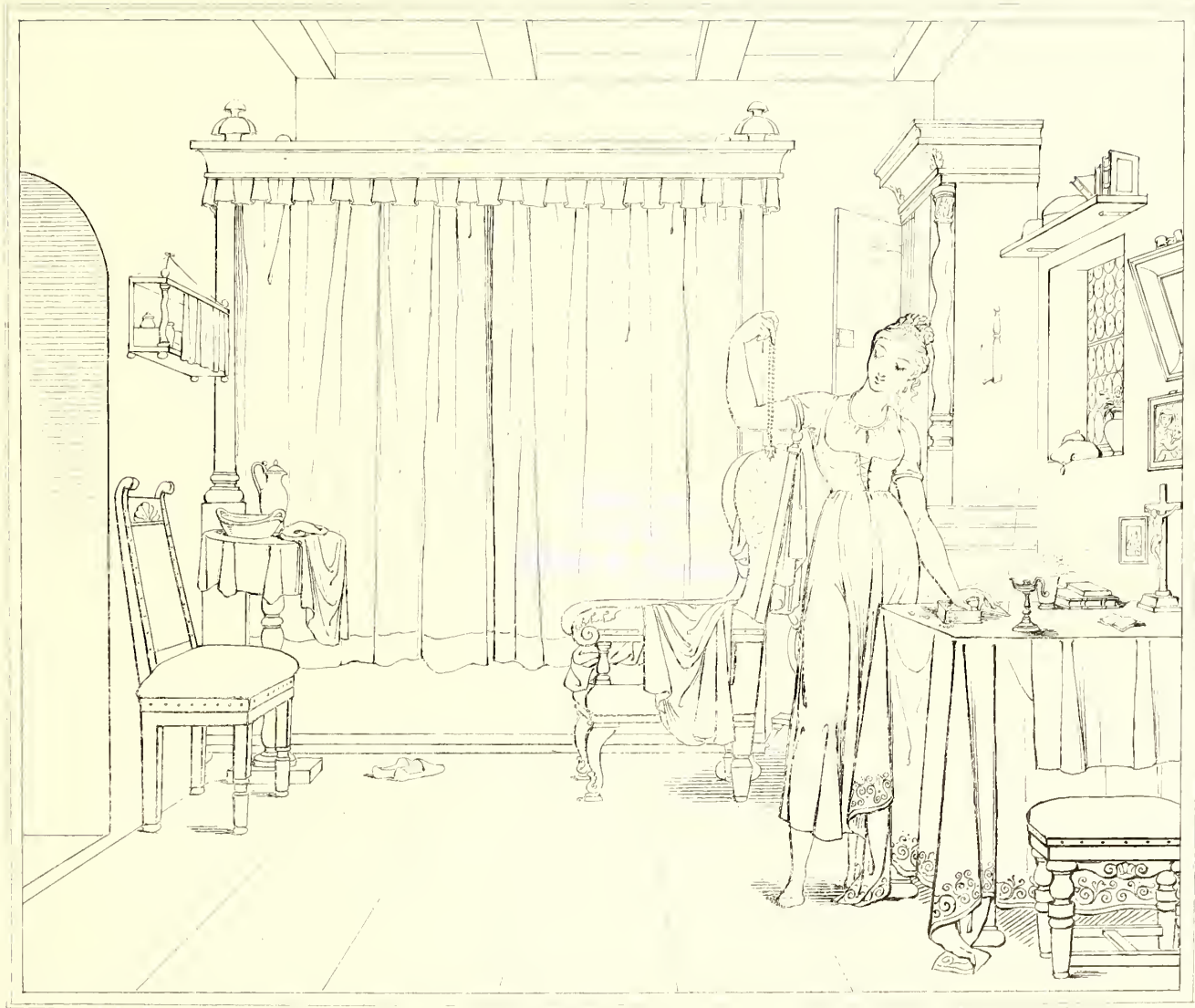
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MARGARET ADMIRING THE JEWELS LEFT BY MEPHISTOPHELES. — *Plate 11.*

MARGARET.

How comes that lovely casket here to me ?
I locked the press, most certainly.
'Tis truly wonderful! What can within it be ?
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one as a pawn.
And mother gave a loan thereon ?
And here there hangs a key to fit,

I have a mind to open it.
What is that ? God in Heaven ! whence came
Such things ? Never beheld I aught so fair !
Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
On highest holidays might wear !
How would the pearl-chain suit my hair ?
Ah ! who may all this splendor own ?



MARGARET ADMIRING THE JEWELS LEFT BY MR. PHISTOPHELES.

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MARGARET SHOWS HER TREASURES TO MARTHA. — *Plate 12.*

MARTHA.

Margaret! what's happened thee?

MARGARET.

I scarce can stand, my knees are trembling!
I find the box, the first resembling
Within my press! Of ebony, —
And things all splendid to behold,
And richer far than were the old.

MARTHA.

You mustn't tell it to your mother!
'Twould go to the priest, as did the other.

MARGARET.

Ah, look and see, just look and see!

MARTHA.

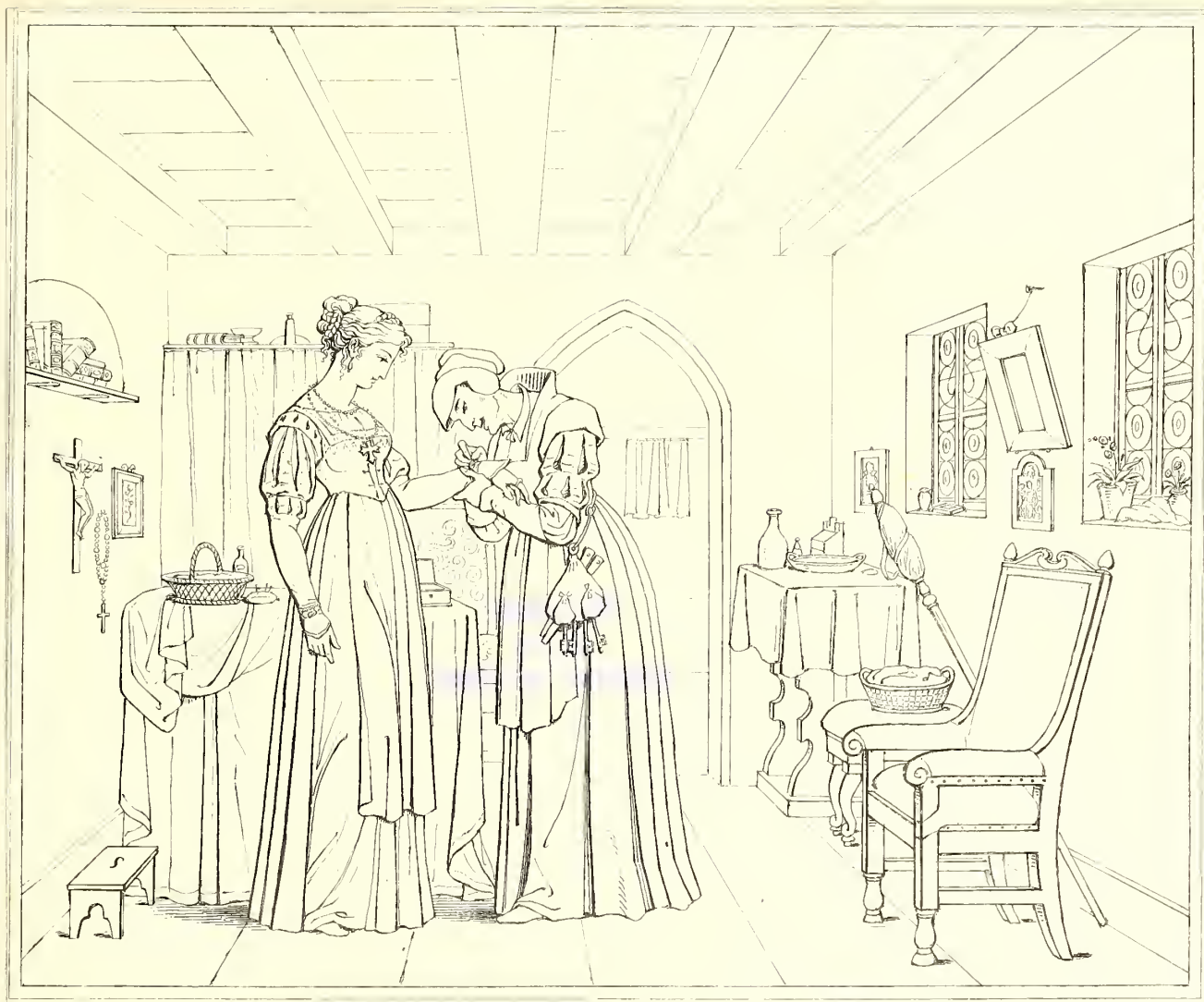
O, what a blessed luck for thee!

MARGARET.

But ah! in the streets I dare not bear them,
Nor in the church be seen to wear them.

MARTHA.

Yet thou canst often this way wander,
And secretly the jewels don,
Walk up and down an hour, before the mirror
yonder:
We'll have our private joy thereon.
And then a chance will come, — a holiday, —
When piece by piece, can one the things abroad
display, —
A chain at first, then other ornament;
Thy mother will not see, and stories we'll in-
vent.



MARGARET SHOWS HER TREASURES TO MARTHA.

MEPHISTOPHELES INFORMS MARTHA OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH. — *Plate 13.*

MARTHA.

What is your business ? I would fain —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would I had a more cheerful strain !
Take not unkindly its repeating :
Your husband's dead, and sends a greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead ? Alas, that heart so true !
My husband dead ! Let me die, too !

MARGARET.

Ah, dearest dame, let not your courage fail !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear me relate the mournful tale !
.
In Padua buried ; he is lying
Beside the good Saint Antony,

Within a grave well consecrated,
For cool, eternal rest created.

MARTHA.

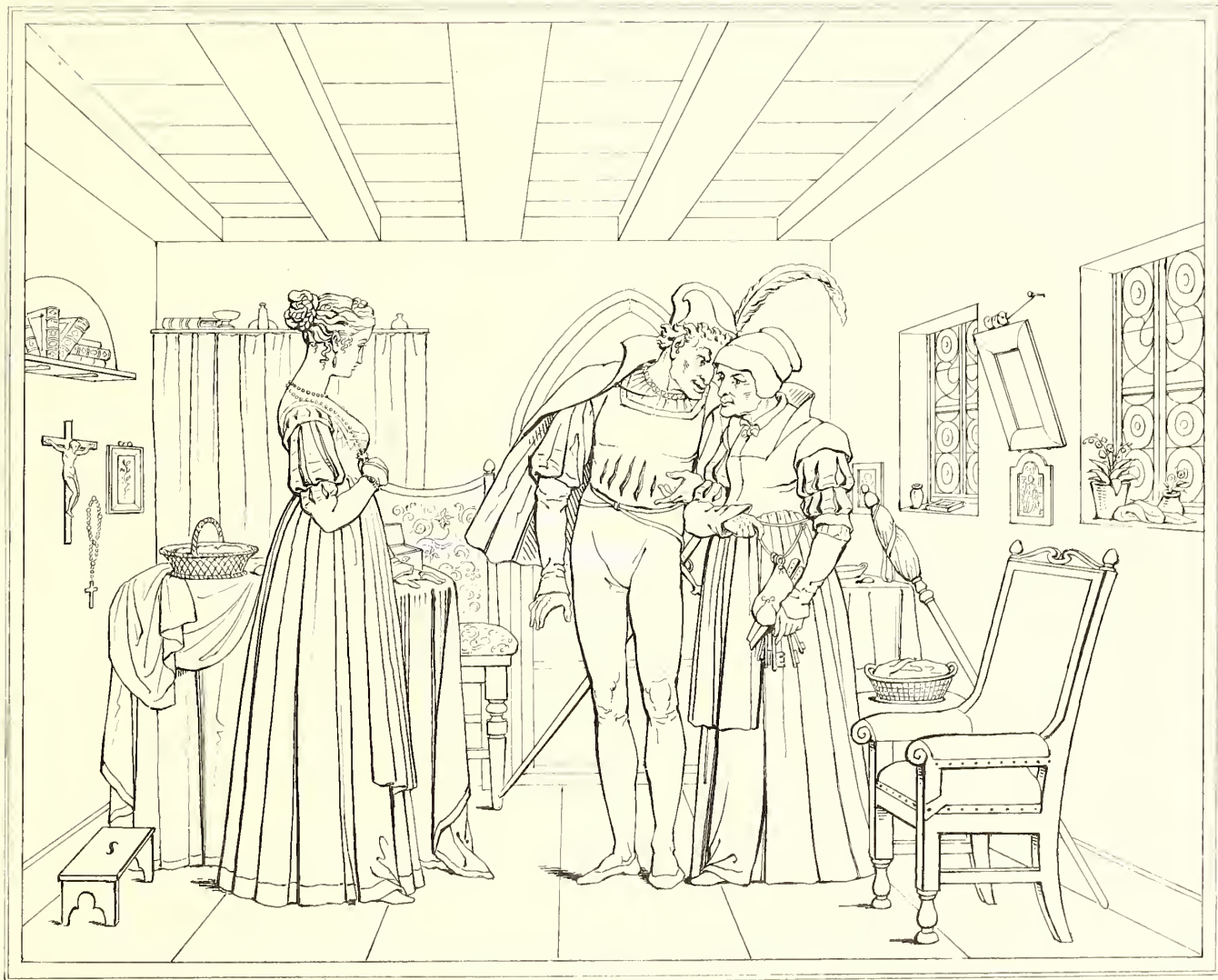
He gave you further no commission ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, one of weight, with many sighs :
Three hundred masses buy, to save him from
perdition !
My hands are empty, otherwise —

MARTHA.

What, not a pocket-piece ? no jewelry ?
What every journeyman within his wallet spares,
And as a token with him bears,
And rather starves or begs, than loses ?



Engraved by Thomas Moore.

MR. HYPOTHESES INFORMS MARY OF THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND

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THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER. — *Plate 14.*

MARGARET *plucks a star-flower, and pulls off the leaves, one after the other.*

FAUST.

Shall that a nosegay be ?

MARGARET.

No, it is just in play.

FAUST.

How ?

MARGARET.

Go! you'll laugh at me.

(She pulls off the leaves and murmurs.)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou ?

MARGARET *(half aloud).*

He loves me — loves me not.

FAUST.

Thou sweet, angelic soul !

MARGARET.

Loves me — not — loves me — not.

(Plucking the last leaf, she cries with frank delight :)

He loves me !

FAUST.

Yes, child ; and let this blossom-word

For thee be speech divine. He loves thee :

Ah, know'st thou what it means ? He loves thee.



THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER

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MARGARET PUTS FAUST IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE. — *Plate 15.*

MARGARET.
He comes.

FAUST.
Ah, rogue! a tease thou art:
I have thee!
(He kisses her.)

MARGARET *(clasping him and returning the kiss).*
Dearest man! I love thee from my heart.
(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)

FAUST.
Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
A friend!

FAUST.
A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
'Tis time to separate.

MARTHA.
Yes, sir, 'tis late.

FAUST.
May I not, then, upon you wait?

MARGARET.
My mother would — Farewell.

FAUST.
Ah, can I not remain?
Farewell!

MARTHA.
Adieu!

MARGARET.
And soon to meet again!
(Exeunt MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.)

MARGARET.
Dear God! However is it, such
A man can think and know so much?
I stand ashamed and in amaze,
And answer "Yes" to all he says,
A poor unknowing child! and he
I can't think what he finds in me!

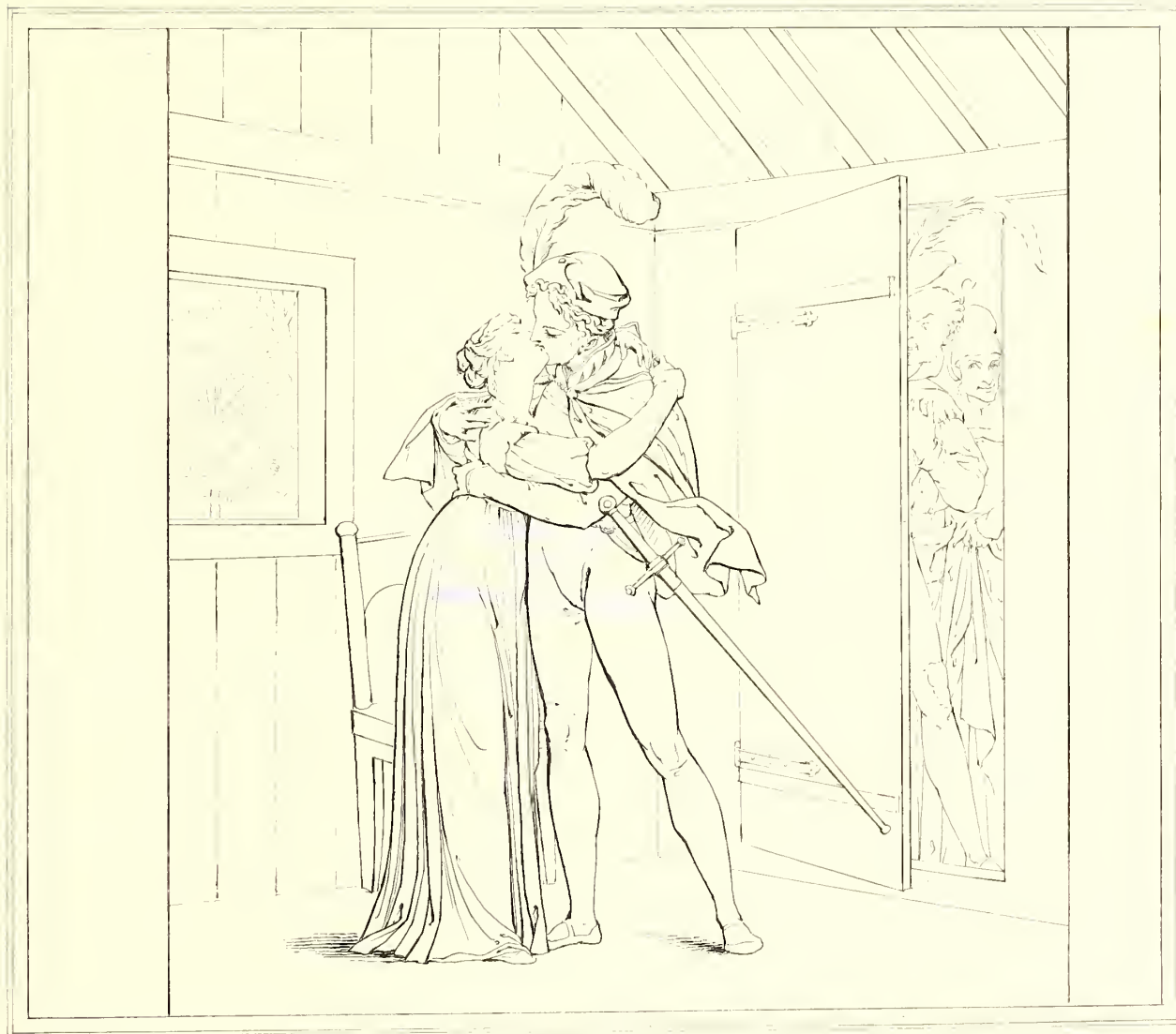


Figure 1. Henry Jones.

MARGARET MEETS FAUST IN THE SINNER HOUSE

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MARGARET DISCONSOLATE AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL. — *Plate 16.*

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET (*at the spinning-wheel alone*).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore :
I never shall find it, —
Ah, nevermore !

Save I have him near,
The grave is here ;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
Is racked and crazed ;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

To see him, him only,
At the pane I sit ;
To meet him, him only,
The house I quit.

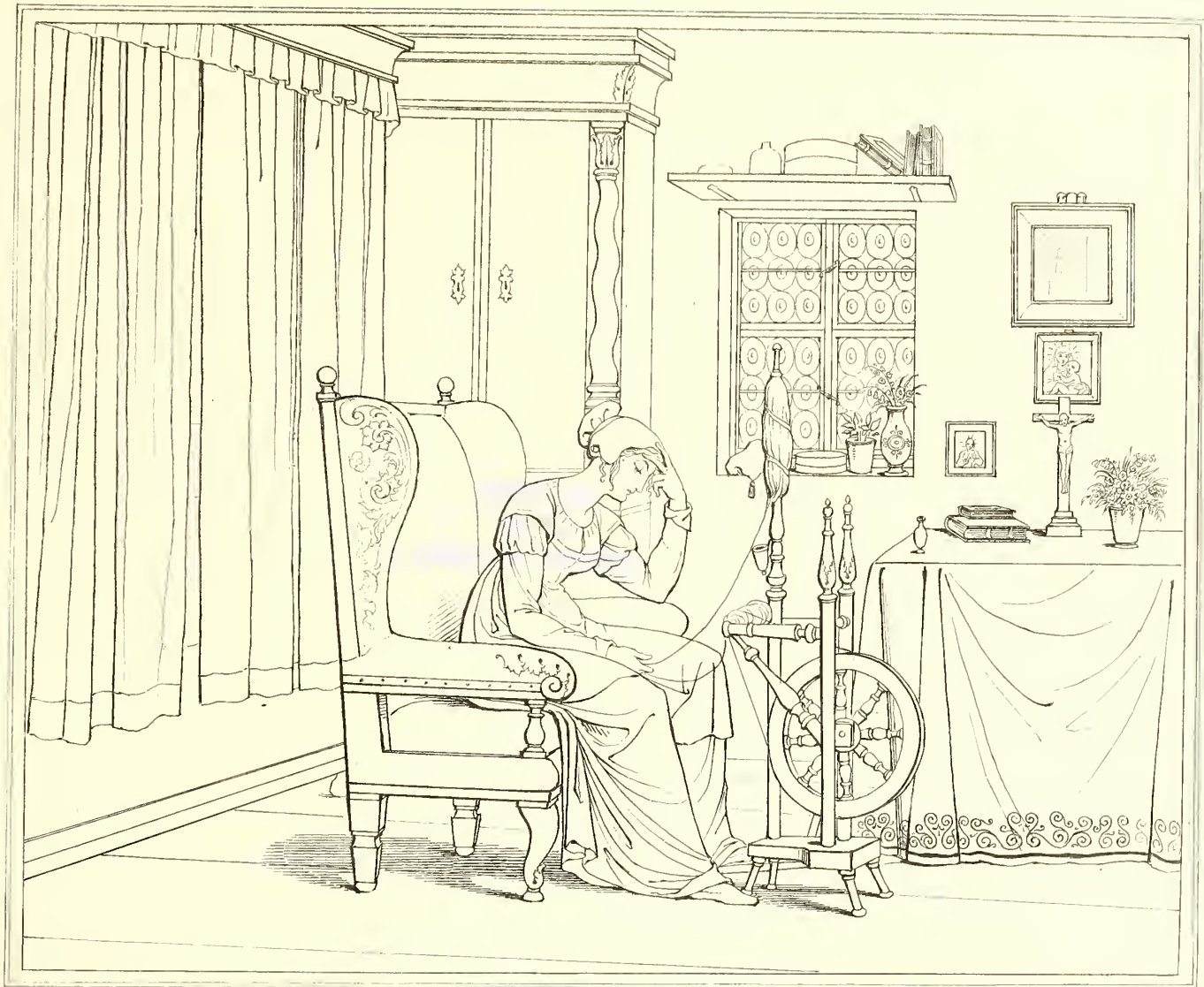
His lofty gait,
His noble size,
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And, ah, his kiss !

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
I never shall find it, —
Ah, nevermore !

My bosom yearns
For him alone :
Ah, dared I clasp him
And hold and own !

And kiss his mouth,
To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
At last expire !



Engraved by H. P. Jones.

MARGARET DISCONSOLATE AT HER SPINNING WHEEL.

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MARGARET SUPPLICATING THE MATER DOLOROSA. — *Plate 17.*

MARGARET.

Incline, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword Thy heart in
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain!

Thou see'st the Father;
Thy sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,
The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
Why this anxious heart so burneth,
Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Know'st Thou, and Thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow,
Within my bosom ache!
Alone, and ah, unsleeping,
I 'm weeping, weeping, weeping, —
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
Alas! my tears did wet,
As in the early morning,
For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
The morning sun shone red;
I sat in utter sorrow,
Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline Thy countenance upon my pain!



MARGARET SUPPLICATING THE MOTHER DOLORESA

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THE EVIL SPIRIT WHISPERS DESPAIR TO MARGARET WHILE AT MASS.—*Plate 18.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

How otherwise was it, Margaret,
When thou, still innocent,
Here to the altar cam'st,
And from the worn and fingered book
Thy prayers did'st prattle,
Half sport of childhood,
Half God within thee!
Margaret!
Where tends thy thought?

Within thy bosom
What hidden crime?
Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and
through thee?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood,
And stirreth not and quickens
Something beneath thy heart,
Thy life disquieting
With most foreboding presence?

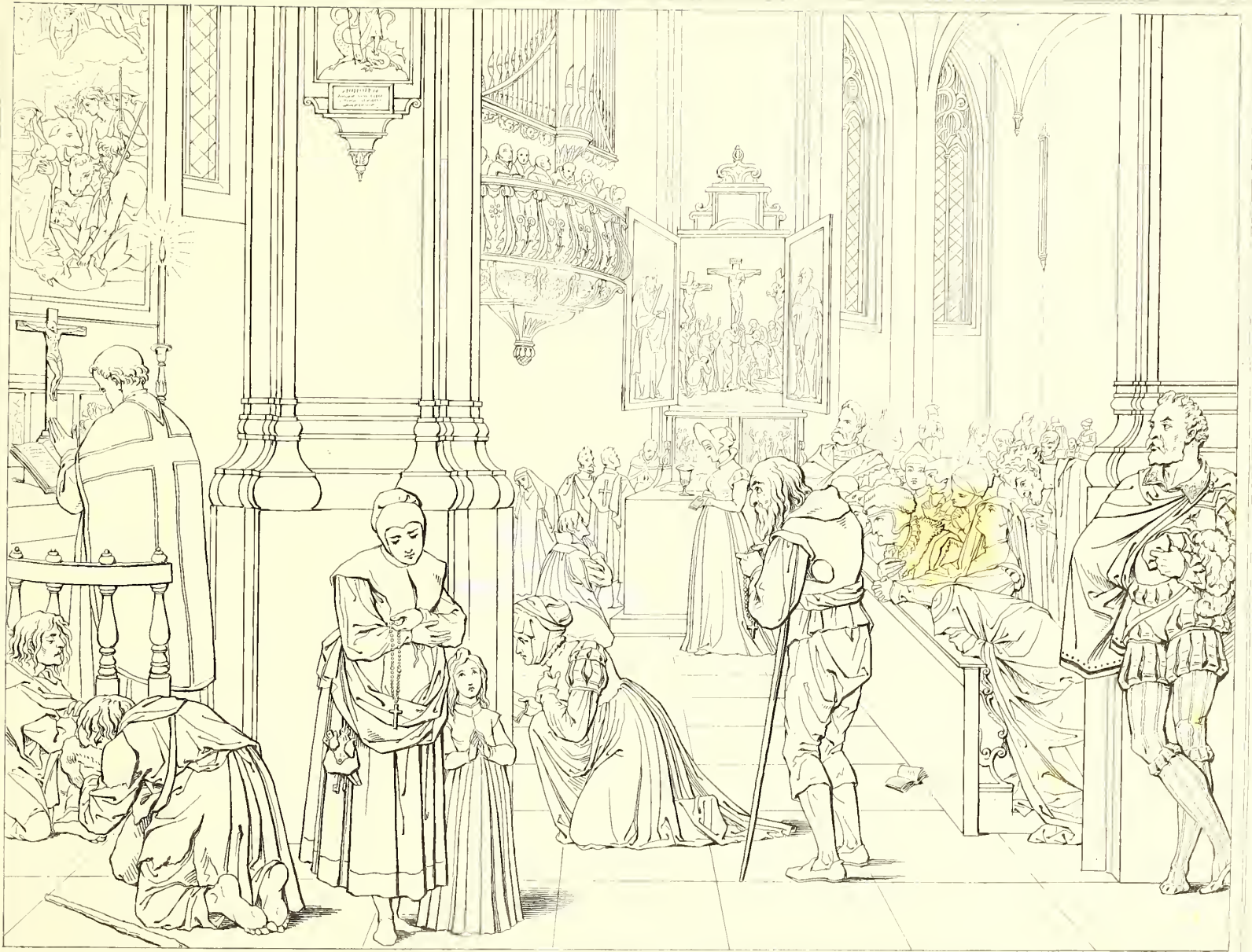


Illustration by H. G. Brown.

THE EVIL SPIRIT WHISPERS DESPAIR TO MARGARET WHILE AT MASS

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VALENTINE FIGHTS WITH FAUST.— *Plate 19.*

VALENTINE (*comes forward*).

Whom wilt thou lure? God's element!
Rat-catching piper, thou! — perdition!
To the Devil first the instrument!
To the Devil, then, the curst musician!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The cither's smashed! For nothing more 'tis
fitting.

VALENTINE.

There's yet a skull I must be splitting.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Sir Doctor, don't retreat, I pray!
Stand by, — I'll lend if you'll but tarry;
Out with your spit, without delay!
You've but to lunge, and I will parry.

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not? 'tis light.

VALENTINE.

That, too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course.

VALENTINE.

I think the Devil must fight!
How is it, then? my hand's already lame.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home.

VALENTINE (*falls*).

O God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
But come away! 'Tis time for us to fly;
For there arises now a murderous cry.
With the police 'twere easy to compound it,
But here the penal court will sift and sound it.



Engraved by Henry Moses.

VALENTINE FIGHTS WITH FAUST.

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VALENTINE, DYING, REPROACHES MARGARET. — *Plate 20.*

VALENTINE.

I'm dying. That is quickly said,
And quicker yet 'tis done.
Why howl, you women there? Instead,
Come here and listen, every one.

.
In this game let our Lord God be.
What 's done 's already done. Alas,
What follows, it must come to pass.
When Shame is born and first appears,
She is in secret brought to light,
And then they draw the veil of night
Over her head and ears;

Her life, in fact, they 're loath to spare her.
But let her growth and strength display,
She walks abroad unveiled by day,
Yet is not grown a whit the fairer, —
The uglier she is to sight,
The more she seeks the day's broad light.
The time I verily can discern
When all the honest folk will turn
From thee, thou jade! and seek protection
As from a corpse that breeds infection:
Thy guilty heart shall then dismay thee,
When they but look thee in the face.



VALENTINE DYING REPROACHES MARGARET.

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FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES ASCEND THE BROCKEN. — *Plate 21.*

FAUST.

So long as in my legs I feel the fresh existence,
This knotted staff suffices me.
What need to shorten so the way?
Along this labyrinth of vales to wander,
Then climb the rocky ramparts yonder,
Wherefrom the fountain flings eternal spray,
The spring-time stirs within the fragrant birches
And even the fir-tree feels it now:
Should then our limbs escape its gentle scratches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I notice no such thing, I vow!
'Tis winter still within my body:

Upon my path, I wish for frost and snow.
How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow;
And lights so dimly, that, as one advances,
At every step one strikes a rock or tree!
Let us then use a Jack-o'-lantern's glances, —
I see one yonder burning merrily.
Ho, there! my friend! I'll levy thine atten-
dance:
Why waste so vainly thy resplendance?
Be kind enough to light us up the steep!



Engraved by C. R. W. Mason.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES ASCEND THE BROCKEN.

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THE WITCHES' REVEL. — *Plate 22.*

FAUST.

Then saw I —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

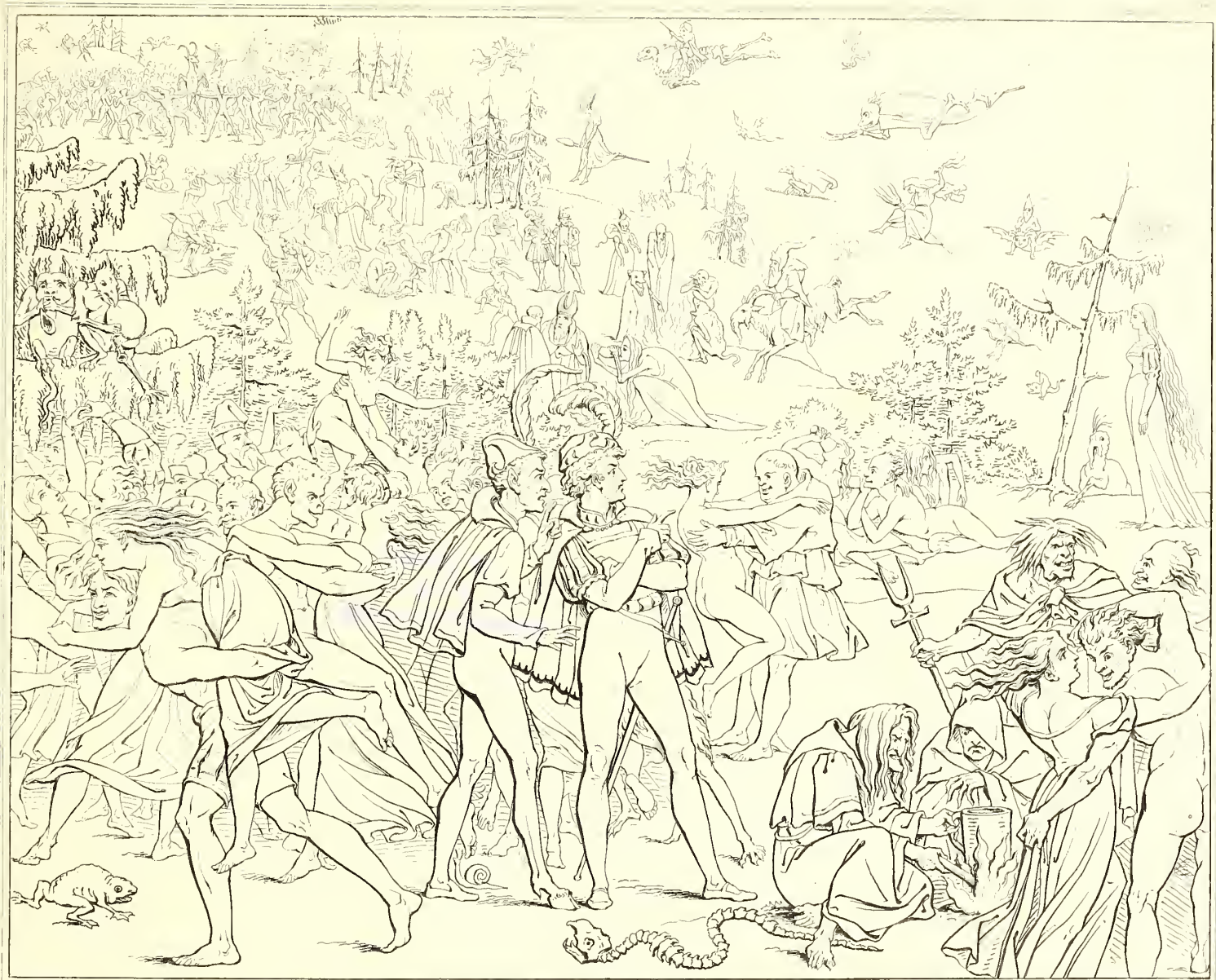
FAUST.

Mephisto, see'st thou there,
Alone and far, a girl most pale and fair?
She falters on, her way scarce knowing,
As if with fettered feet that stay her going.

I must confess, it seems to me
As if my kindly Margaret were she.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let the thing be! All thence have evil drawn:
It is a magic shape, a lifeless eidolon.
Such to encounter is not good:
Their blank, set stare benumbs the human blood;
And one is almost turned to stone, —
Medusa's tale to thee is known.



Engraved by Henry Moses

THE WITCHES REVEL.

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FAUST HEARS THAT MARGARET IS IN PRISON.—*Plate 23.*

FAUST.

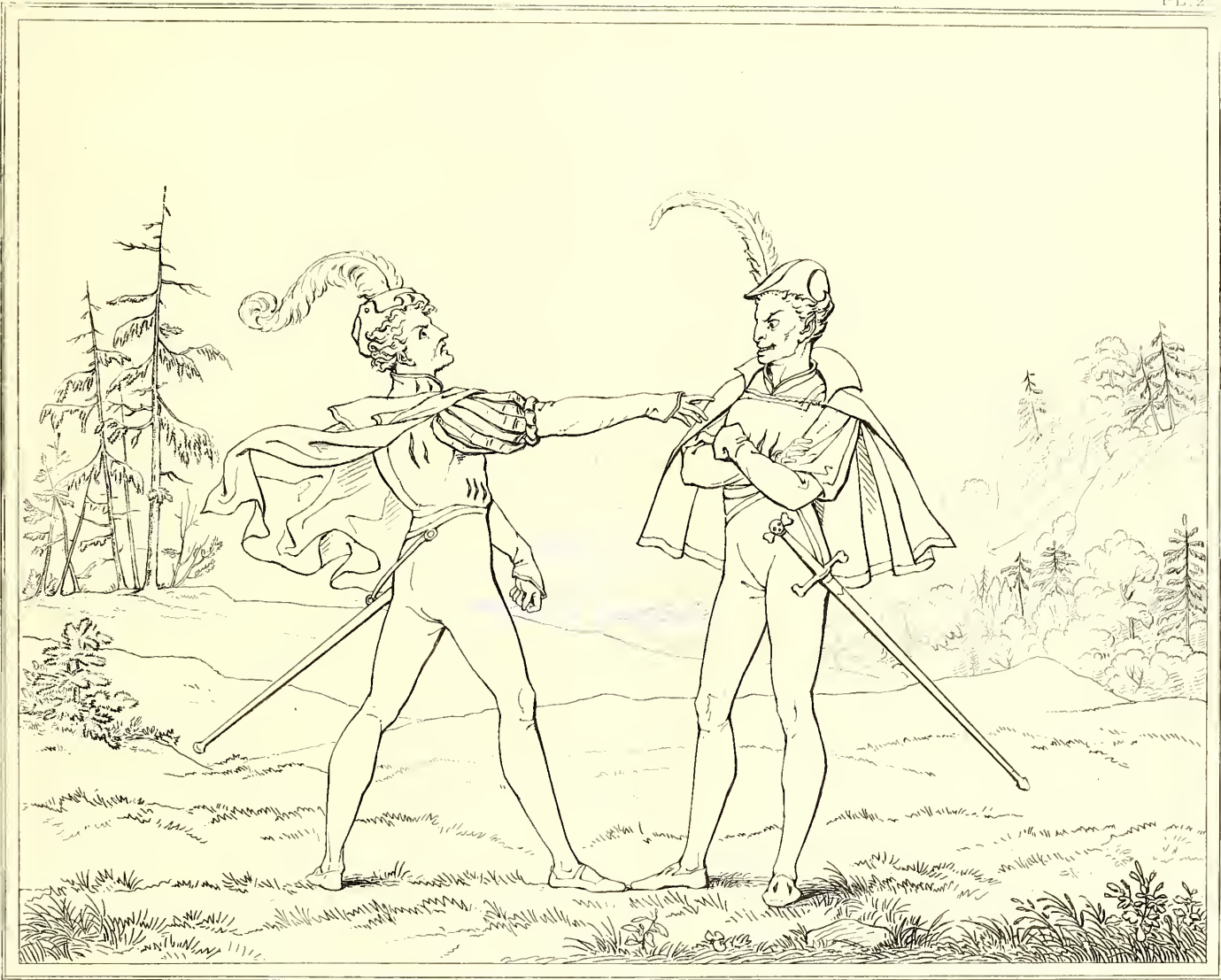
In misery! In despair! Long wretchedly astray on the face of the earth, and now imprisoned. That gracious, ill-starred creature shut in a dungeon as a criminal, and given up to fearful torments! To this has it come! to this! — Treacherous, contemptible spirit, and thou hast concealed it from me! — Stand, then, — stand! Roll the devilish eyes wrathfully in thy head! Stand, and defy me with thine intolerable presence! Imprisoned! In irrefrievable misery! Delivered up to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling Man! And thou hast lulled me, meanwhile, with the most insipid dissipations; hast concealed from me her increasing wretchedness, and suffered her to go helplessly to ruin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Dog! Abominable monster! Transform him, thou Infinite Spirit! transform the reptile again into his dog-shape, in which it pleased him often at night to scamper on before me, to roll himself at the feet of the unsuspecting wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders, when he fell. Transform him again into his favorite likeness, that he may crawl upon his belly in the dust before me, — that I may trample him, the outlawed, under foot! Not the first! O, woe! woe which no human soul can grasp, that more than one being should sink into the depths of this misery, — that the first, in its writhing death-agony, under the eyes of the Eternal Forgiver, did not expiate the guilt of all others? The misery of this single one pierces to the very marrow of my life; and thou art calmly grinning at the fate of thousands!



Engraved by Henry Moses.

FAUST HEARS THAT MARGARET IS IN PRISON.

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MEPHISTOPHELES AND FAUST PASS THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.—*Plate 24.*

FAUST.

What weave they there round the raven-stone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST.

Soaring up, sweeping down, bowing and bending.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' guild.

FAUST.

They scatter, devote and doom !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On ! On !



Fig. 11. — Faust and Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND FAUST PASS THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

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FAUST ENTERS THE PRISON WHERE MARGARET IS. — *Plate 25.*

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an iron door.*)

A shudder, long unfelt, comes o'er me ;
Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
And all her crime was a delusion dear !
What! I delay to free her ?
I dread, once again to see her ?
On. My shrinking but lingers Death more near.

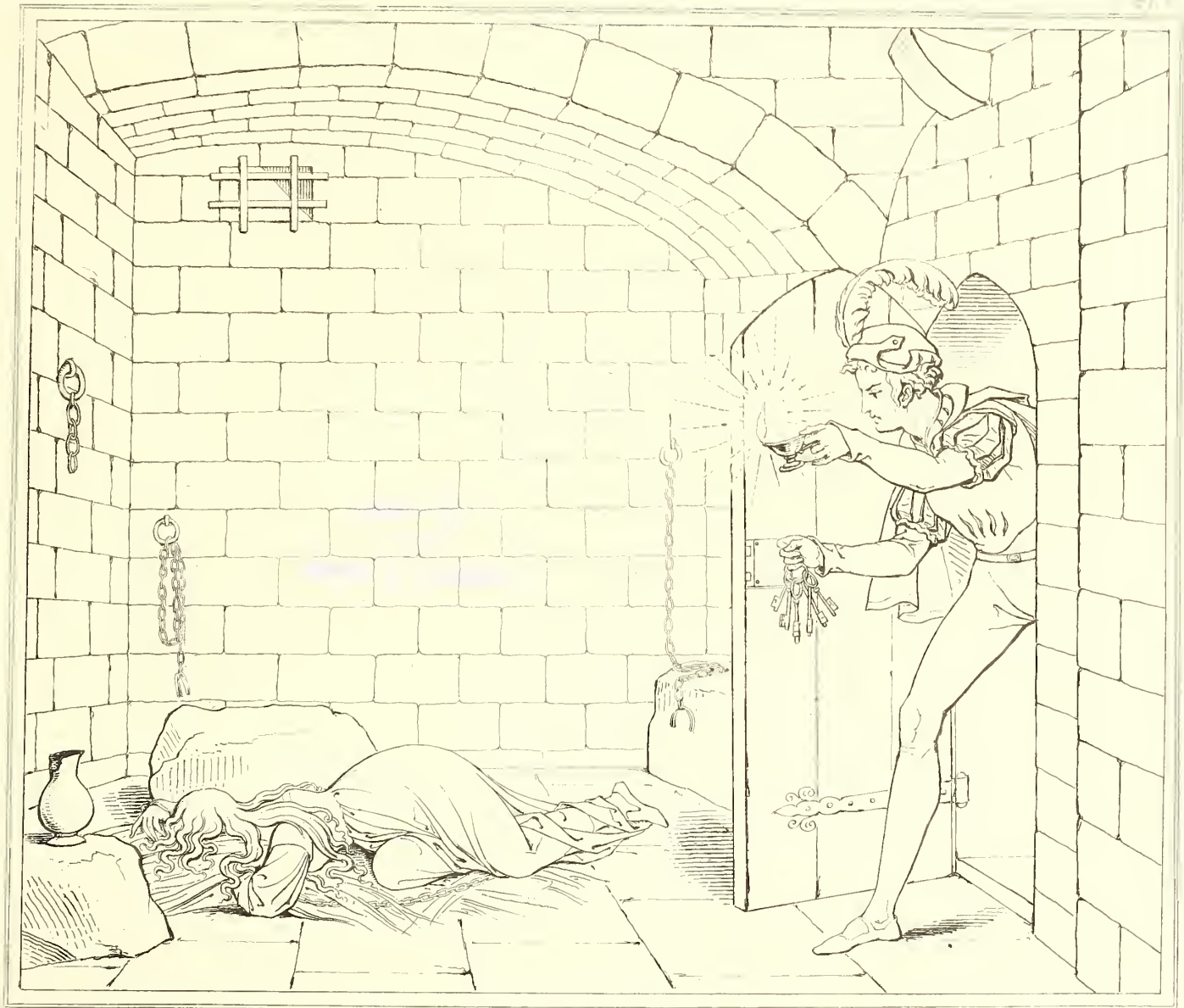
(*He grasps the lock. The sound of singing is heard inside.*)

*My mother, the harlot,
Who put me to death ;*

*My father, the varlet
Who eaten me hath !
Little sister, so good,
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay :
Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood ;
Fly away! Fly away!*

FAUST (*unlocking.*)

She does not dream her lover listens near :
That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw,
can hear.



Engraved by Henry Moss.

FAUST ENTERS THE PRISON WHERE MARGARET IS.

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FAUST.

Come! Come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET.

My mother have I put to death;
I've drowned the baby born to thee,—
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too!—'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth
seem—

Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!
Thy dear, dear hand!—But, ah, 'tis wet!
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! What hast thou done?
Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
Do not affray me!

FAUST.

O, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET.

No, no! Thou must outlive us.
Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us;
Thou must begin to-morrow
The work of sorrow!
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here on my right breast, my baby lay!
Nobody else will lie beside me!—
Ah, within thine arms to hide me!—
That was a sweet and a gracious bliss.

But no more, no more can I attain it!
I would force myself on thee and constrain it.

FAUST.

The day dawns. Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

Day? Yes, the day comes,—the last day breaks
for me!

My wedding-day it was to be!
Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!
Woe for my garland! The chances
Are over—'tis all in vain!
We shall meet once again,
But not at the dances!
The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken.
The square below,
And the streets, overflow:
The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken,
I am seized and bound, and delivered—
Shoved to the block—they give the sign!
Now over each neck has quivered
The blade that is quivering over mine.
Dumb lies the world like the grave!

What rises up from the threshold here?
He! He! Suffer him not!
What does he want in this holy spot?
He seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

Judgment of God, myself to thee I give!

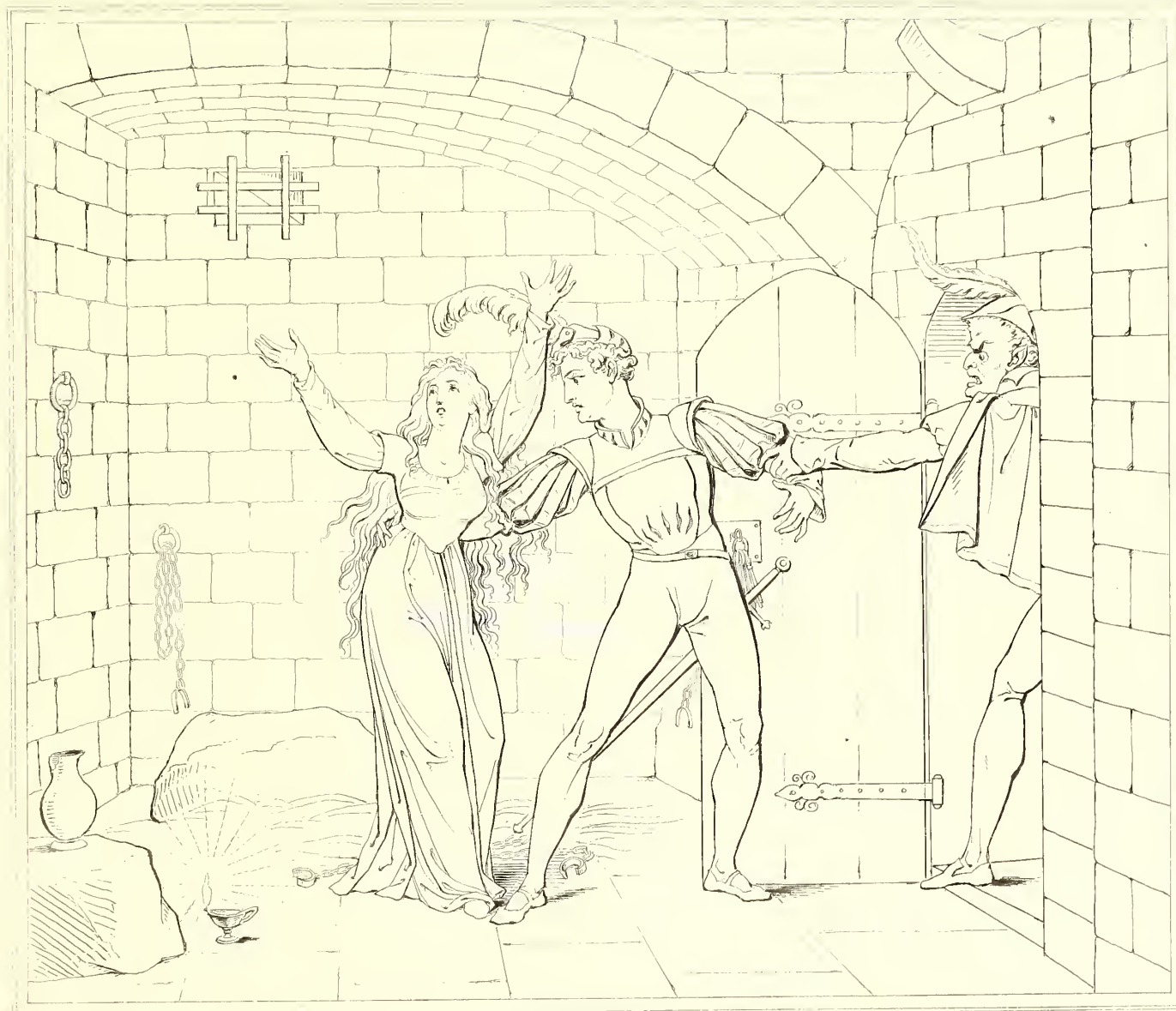


Illustration by H. J. M. M. M.

MARGARET REFUSES TO LEAVE THE PRISON

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